

**The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.**

## **Woman's Skull**

In the quaint village of Appley Bridge, nestled amidst the rolling hills and lush greenery, stood a peculiar house known as Skull House. It derived its name from a mysterious artifact that resided within its walls - a woman's skull. The legend surrounding this skull had captivated the locals for generations, as the skull possessed an inexplicable power, forever bound to the house.

The story began many years ago when a wandering traveler stumbled upon the remote village. He was a scholar, driven by a thirst for knowledge and the desire to uncover the secrets of the world. The traveler's name was Alexander, a man known for his unwavering determination and relentless pursuit of truth.

Alexander's arrival in Appley Bridge coincided with a terrible storm that lashed the village, its fury seeming to mirror the curiosity burning within him. Seeking refuge, he stumbled upon Skull House, an imposing structure standing defiantly against the elements. The weary traveler was welcomed by the house's owner, an elderly woman named Agatha.

Agatha was a wise and enigmatic figure, her eyes filled with ancient knowledge and secrets untold. She recognized Alexander's insatiable hunger for answers and chose to share with him the tale of the woman's skull that had come to rest within her dwelling. Legend had it that the skull belonged to a young woman named Eliza, who had lived in the village centuries ago. Eliza was known for her beauty and intelligence, captivating the hearts and minds of all who crossed her path. However, her fate took a dark turn when she fell victim to a heinous crime, her life tragically cut short.

It was said that Eliza's restless spirit found solace within her skull, which somehow found its way to Skull House. Agatha revealed that the skull possessed an extraordinary ability - it could not be removed from the building. Countless attempts had been made by those who sought to possess its power, but it always teleported back to its rightful place within the house.

Eager to unravel the mysteries surrounding the skull, Alexander delved into the depths of the house's history. He spent countless hours pouring over ancient texts, speaking with villagers, and delving into the ethereal realm of the supernatural.

As the days turned into weeks, and the weeks into months, Alexander's obsession with the skull grew. He became consumed by the desire to free Eliza's spirit, believing that her restless soul was tethered to the artifact within Skull House.

One fateful night, after hours of tireless research, Alexander stumbled upon an ancient incantation hidden within a weathered tome. The incantation promised to release the spirit of Eliza from its earthly confinement, but it required a tremendous sacrifice.

Undeterred, Alexander gathered the necessary materials and prepared himself for the ritual. The villagers, who had grown fond of the traveler during his stay, watched with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

As the moon reached its zenith, casting an eerie glow upon the village, Alexander stood before the skull, its hollow eye sockets seeming to stare back at him. With a voice filled with conviction, he chanted the incantation, his words resonating through the ancient halls of Skull House.

A surge of energy coursed through the room, and for a fleeting moment, it seemed as if the skull would finally be freed from its eternal prison. But as quickly as the surge came, it vanished, leaving Alexander bewildered and the skull still resting upon its pedestal.

The legend had proven true once more - the skull could not be removed from the building. Eliza's spirit remained trapped within its cold embrace, forever bound to Skull House.

Alexander, though disheartened by his failure, found solace in knowing that he had tried

to bring peace to a tormented soul. He bid

By Donald Jay